
The Optimist

BY JESSE MATLACK

Above his harbor home each night
Three red-eyed buzzards glide;
Mute as autumn's moonlit dust
On wrinkled roads they light
To dance and sing of dwindling seas,
Crisped by sun's indifferent might:
"Follow in footsteps the weeping rain."

He does not spit with foolish hate,
But gladly gives a pound or two
Of fresh-dead flesh for each to eat;
And turns with a smile to welcome fate.
